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On The Firing Line

Jenkin Lloyd Jones

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ON THE FIRING LINE
IN THE BATTLE *for* SOBRIETY

By
JENKIN LLOYD JONES

7589.150

(SPECIAL EDITION)

UNITARIAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY
BOSTON, MASS.
1910

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American Temperance Society
Sept. 28. 1911

Q. List 35

A Word to Friends of Temperance.

This little book* seems to the Executive Board of the Unitarian Temperance Society one of the very best popular handbooks that exists, so simple, so direct, so human, so sober, so full of facts that captivate and convince, equally interesting to old and young, helpful to the advocate of total abstinence, which today is the only rational interpretation of temperance, and also persuasive with the indifferent and the indulgent.

It ought to be in every library, large and small. Parents and teachers can do no better than to keep a copy in circulation among the young. Preachers will find helpful material here for sermons. No better program for a special temperance service in Sunday schools or for young people's religious societies could be provided than readings from its pages. Mothers will do well to keep a copy on the table in the living room of the home. It is itself a "flanking column" (to borrow one of its striking phrases) of great power in the mighty army that is sweeping on to certain victory for temperance, which means the betterment of human life. May it go far and wide, inspiring and blessing mankind.

We have secured a special edition of this book for practically free circulation among librarians, preachers, teachers and Sunday school superintendents, who, on application (sending 5 cents for cost of delivery), will be sent a copy on condition that they keep it in use among their friends.

Address,
REV. DR. JOSEPH H. CROOKER,
President Unitarian Temperance Society,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

*The original edition (1910) in cloth sold at 50 cents, and can still be had at that price of Unity Publishing Co., Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, Ill.

To Thomas, John, James, Enos and Philip,
Loyal Brothers.

Consistent practice is more convincing than preaching.

"For it is precept upon precept, precept upon precept, line upon line, line upon line; here a little, there a little."

—Isaiah xxviii:10

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A Night In a Saloon

A Night In a Saloon

MY GOOD horse Roos and I had stretched our day's journey beyond the near limits of endurance because the day was so delightful, the ride through the Wisconsin lake country so charming, and because of a desire on my part to spend one more night at the pretty village whose name was intermingled with some of the pleasantest memories of the old log house in the clearing, my childhood's home. In those pioneer days the name of this village conjured in my childish imagination an aroma of devoutness, a flavor of piety, on account of certain saintly men and women who were welcomed to our home fireside from its vicinity.

These childish associations had been enhanced by several subsequent visits in my maturity. Whether I sought it afoot, on horseback, or in wagon, it was the same rural hamlet, undisturbed by the whistle

of the locomotive, unsoiled by the debris of railway stations, rejoicing in velvety green lawns, basking beside a charming little lake. It was still suggestive of domestic purity, economic simplicity, financial prosperity and social integrity.

As might have been expected, on the outskirts of this village there was a successful boys' school, an ideal place for such; a place where perplexed city parents might send their boys with minimum anxiety, for seemingly it was a place far removed from temptations and vicious surroundings.

But I was not the only one who had yielded to the attractions of the charming village on that beautiful summer night. Although it was yet early, I found the little town full of other visitors who had escaped from the city; the limited accommodations of the old-fashioned hotel, the one hostelry of the village, were already exhausted, and I was driven to seek shelter for the night in the new saloon on the corner, with a hotel attachment, fresh in its

white paint and green blinds. The proprietor was a gentlemanly, intelligent, courteous young Americanized German. The hospitality of his spirit was genuine, and he was sorry to inform me that "the few hotel rooms up stairs" were already occupied. The equally attractive and kindly young wife, with her pretty first-born in her arms, who was called into council, thought she might find a spare room in some one of the adjoining houses; at least she was willing to do "the best she could" for me. A load of fragrant new-mown hay was being unloaded at the fresh new barn in the rear of the premises, and Roos had already settled the question for herself; she was already sampling the goods, and they were palatable; she would literally spend her night in clover, and I was willing to take my chances.

Fully an hour elapsed before the young wife, who was "doing her own work" all the way from the bar to the kitchen stove, could begin to see what she could do for me, and when the private houses in the

neighborhood were canvassed she found to her dismay that every spare room was occupied or spoken for. The case began to grow desperate. Finally it settled down to the only chance of spending my night on the sofa in the "Ladies' Room" of the saloon, with doors opening from the big drinking-room on the one hand and sliding doors into the dining-room on the other. But the furniture was newly bought and the room tidy, and the little wife assured me she could make me a fairly comfortable bed, that things generally quieted down about eleven o'clock, and that there was no reason why I should not be reasonably comfortable.

I had already noticed on entering that the sylvan quality of my pretty hamlet was being threatened by the encroachment of an interurban trolley line. A gang of workmen had reached the outskirts of the village, and the laborers, with their big boots, sweaty clothes and soiled hands, were making the evening business at the saloon lively.

A Night In a Saloon

It was ten o'clock before the tired horseman could horizontalize on his improvised bed. He had had two hours and a half to watch the business; it was a study in sociology, laboratory work on the temperance problem at short range. During the two hours and a half he had seen the room fill up and the atmosphere grow blue with the smoke from stale pipes and all kinds of cigars—and all cigars smelled bad to him. It did seem as though all sorts and conditions of men were gathered there, making the dictum of Mr. Calkings, in a book of which I shall speak later, ring true even in that far-off and clean corner of the world, viz, "The saloon is the most democratic of institutions; it appeals at once to the common humanity of man."

First, there came a continuous stream of the common shovelers from the railroad dump; stolid, foreign, ignorant Italians or some other southern European people. They came in groups of threes, fives, or more, and took their beer in the main in glum silence as though it were medicine.

If they talked at all it was in a dull undertone; they took their dose and, for the most part, went away.

Then came the next higher grade of laborers — the Americanized, English-speaking or American-born teamsters, mechanics, bosses, bridge builders and cement workers. These were more jolly, cordial, boisterous, evidently many of them with homes that were tugging at their heart-strings; visions of waiting wives and watching children flitted before their eyes. Once in a while the wistful face of wife or child would appear at the door and "Yes, dear, wait, I am coming right along!" sounded like strange music in the place. And these snatches of conversation were overheard by the observing but unobserved "old man" who seemed poring over the newspaper in the corner.

"Come, let's go, boys."

"Oh, what's the hurry? Have another glass."

"Well, I must go!"

"Aw, cut it out! You're afraid of that little woman, are you?"

"Naw, he's going to see his girl."

The drama had become intensely exciting to the man behind the newspaper. Was it comedy or tragedy? They slowly thinned out, the jolly crowd leaving at last only the daring, perverse, reckless core that grew hilarious over the cards, boisterous over the dice that were to determine the next treat.

Later in the evening there came a group of boys, schoolboys, bearing the insignia of "The Academy;" bright boys, steeped in the slang and enthusiasm of the fraternities and athletics. They came to talk over the excitements of that day's ball game with the visiting team from a town fifteen miles away. They frankly discussed, in high glee, the way they had been "done up" by their visitors, who "played a —— poor game at first" until the stakes were placed heavily against them; then by a planned accident a new

boy, an expert, was run in, leaving the home team no show.

But those "nice" boys, whose confiding parents had placed them beyond the danger of city dissipations, consoled themselves over their defeat with the thought that they "ought not to kick," for did they not last year make over two hundred dollars out of the chaps over the seventy-five lost this year by sharp tactics on the other side?

The boys rapidly grew hilarious; a few others joined them, and the conversation of the little group grew coarse and confidential. They began to give details one to another of escapades and experiences which would have carried anguish to the hearts of fathers and mothers, if they but knew. They joked and laughed over that which would have ostracized them from the social circles that delighted in them, were the facts known, but they were facts which none of their friends would believe, least of all their doting mothers and trusting sisters. All of them would

stoutly resent such "groundless insinuations" of things which those boys openly confessed to one another. Nothing but facts verified in the police courts would establish a credulity in the hairbreadth escapes from publicity which were told with a relish.

Now the man behind the paper noticed with pain that these were not rough boys, the "toughs" of conventional estimate, but the "nice" boys; they lighted dainty cigarettes, they were choice in their drinks, they handled their glasses with grace. I easily drew them into conversation concerning academic and neighborhood matters. Their elegant manners ripened promptly into courtesy as they asked "Uncle" to have a glass of wine with them, and they managed with sustained decorum to urge the humorous alternative of a glass of pop.

As a blot in the background of this refinement, behind these representatives of city boulevards and avenues came a gray-bearded Granger with trousers

tucked into his tall muddy boots, who carried off in both hands the biggest "schooner" on the shelf filled full of beer (no froth for him), to the corner and, with great deliberation and apparent satisfaction, made it go as far as possible and then stole away. Was he the true "temperance man" we hear so much about in some quarters, the man "who can take a drink when he wants it and knows enough to stop when he has had enough"? or was he, as the boys estimated, "an old curmudgeon, too stingy to join in a social glass with anybody, too penurious to spare more than a nickel, and determined to get his full money's worth?" Some of them identified him as a man who had lots of dollars up his sleeve.

After the boys were gone, there came into my neighborhood at the far end of the counter, the two gentlemen in middle life whom I recognized as having passed me in the afternoon in a great touring car, with ladies. They were from the city, fashionably clothed and daintily bar-

bered; they were touring through the lake country. The ladies had long been in bed, resting from the day's delights, while the eyes of their husbands were assuming that dull, glazed appearance so characteristic of the preliminary stages of inebriation. In low, artificial whisper they contrived with the barkeeper some more refined compound that would give the final blow and send them to their beds "full." Out of the bottled depths of the refrigerator were fished some bottles of porter, and this black, nasty-looking stuff was compounded with the lighter beer, half-and-half, with a dash of something more fiery.

But these gentlemen from the city did not forget their manners; they courteously solicited "Grandpa" to have something with them, and complimented so old a man who could still enjoy horseback riding.

At last the kind-hearted little wife informed me that my bed was ready. Gladly did I seek the long-needed repose, inter-

esting as were the studies in this sociological laboratory. My soldier habit of sleeping under trying circumstances has never deserted me. I was soon sound asleep, but it was troubled sleep. In my dreams I wandered through burning forests of tobacco trees and waded through streets made muddy by sluggish streams of beer. Out of these troubled dreams I was awakened by a chorus of rough voices singing "Annie Laurie," in the adjoining drinking-room. The throng, which at one time kept two men busy pumping the dirty stuff, had vanished; the respectable and occasional drinkers were gone; the habituals, midnight revelers, alone held possession. There was gaming and boisterous disputing, mingled with snatches of song, all steeped in profanity and vulgarity, within earshot of my bed; the musical and gentle voice of mine host, the saloon-keeper, alone was touched with sobriety, courtesy and moderation.

Again I slept, and again after a season I was brought up out of the lower depths

by a bright light streaming in through the dining-room transom. Some of the revelers had grown hungry; a post-midnight meal was being served of such cold meats and left-overs as the man might find in the woman's larder. The pot at last boiled, and the jolly meal was topped off with fragrant coffee. The clock struck one, and I slept again.

When next I was awakened it was by the noise of the scrubbing broom, the swish of the hose, and the heavy thud of the ice-blocks that were being put into the refrigerator to keep the next day's supply of beer cold. One day's work was at last ended and another day's work had begun. The work of scrubbing and cleaning was on, and the clock struck three.

Roos and I preferred the early morning for travel and midday for rest and sleep. By previous arrangement with mine host, the night bar-tender was to feed my horse at four o'clock and call me at half-past four that we might be on the road at five, but the full glory of the daylight awak-

ened me unsummoned. The night man was cross and profane; he had forgotten his instructions; he called down maledictions upon the "boss" who thought he "could stand everything." I escaped to the barn, found the oat-bin, fed my own horse, was eager to be away. While Roos was eating her breakfast she was startled by a disturbance overhead; there was a rustle in the mow, a fumbling, rolling, and down into the manger tumbled a man. Which was most scared, the horse, the horse's owner, or the man himself, I know not. Anyhow, the common fright made us akin. After rubbing the clover dust out of his eyes and brushing the hayseeds out of his hair and off his clothing, he said: "There are three more bums up there! Four of us chaps belong in Milwaukee. We came up here to work on the trolley line; there are good jobs awaiting us; I will get three dollars and a half a day running a gang of Dagoes, if I ever get sobered up. We have been here

three days and we are getting worse and worse!"

Then there was another fumbling in the mow and another fellow tumbled into the manger. He made short cut of his wants: "Say, old man, won't you give us a dime to stiffen up on? We have got to get this dirty brown taste out of our mouths!"

Number three dropped down and number four followed out of the hay mow, and then there ensued a friendly and confidential conference of five of us over the drink problem, the mow-men contributing the teetotal argument and the denunciation of the saloon. The first spokesman, clutching like a drowning man at a passing straw, which straw he called "Elder" at a venture, drew from his pocket a Milwaukee fireman's star, which he held virtuously as the last link binding him to his better self, the present tie to past respectability. "I say, Elder," he said, "that shows you that I was once away 'up in G.' I had a fine position in the Fire Department in Milwaukee; my people are all right; pol-

itics did me; the —— bosses ousted me last spring, and I have been going to the devil at a hard gallop ever since, and he alone knows whether I will ever stop until he gets me for good and all. These boys will tell you I have been thinking I better put a stop to this foolishness in the middle of yon lake. Haven't I, boys?" And there was a gruesome laugh and a "We had better all do it" response.

I do not try to put in the abundant profanity; I cannot reproduce the frankness which brought us five into such close confidences; the horrible sincerity, the gruesome fraternity of that blighted early hour.

One, two, three of the mow lodgers stole away, one by one, before the conversation ended, to beg first and then demand the "nips" which all regarded as the indispensable condition of a successful "straightening up." Three days ago they came with silver in their pockets, and now they had not a copper left. One of them menacingly said with an oath, "That man

has got to help straighten us up; he has taken every cent of our money and he can afford it."

The first to descend from the mow stayed with me until my horse's breakfast was finished; he helped me saddle my horse and would fain help me mount. He pledged me with tears in his eyes and a good grip of his shaking right hand that he would get rid of these pals and straighten up and be a sober man before he ever saw his mother again.

The sun had risen, the barnyards were alive, the gardens were fragrant, farm wives were bestirring themselves; the ripened harvest fields were inviting the harvesters with abundant promise as I rode away. How the agony of the men from the hay-mow, the disgrace of that quartette of robust, handsome young men from Milwaukee, the gruesome dreams and the more vivid and horrible realities of that night in a saloon, blurred the glory of that radiant morning, jarred on the melody of life, disturbed the serenity of

what ought to have been another day's ride of unclouded beauty! Was that one night's experience to be taken as a mild, innocent, minimum illustration of the habitual transactions in a saloon? Here was a white saloon in a white country; here was the institution at its best. There had been no cracking of heads, no shooting of pistols, no breaking of noses, no wrecking of fortunes. The gambling, if any, was probably of the mild sort. The one policeman of the village had rested undisturbed, and there were no court scandals for the next day. What, then, is the sociological value of the saloon measured at its best, taken in its most innocent form?

In 1893 the "Committee of Fifty" was organized for the investigation of the liquor problem. It consisted of conspicuous leaders of thought and action throughout the United States. College presidents, prominent ministers, men identified with great industrial, reformatory and legislative activities were on the

Commission, the President of which was Seth Lowe, then President of Columbia College; the Vice-President was the late lamented Charles Dudley Warner of Hartford, the Secretary Prof. Francis G. Peabody of Harvard. President Eliot and Carroll D. Wright, then head of the Department of Labor at Washington, were on the executive committee. Other names in the list that attracted the eye were those of Felix Adler, Charles G. Bonaparte, John Graham Brooks, Father Conaty, of the Catholic University of Washington, William E. Dodge of New York, President Ely of Madison, President Gilman of Johns Hopkins, Washington Gladden, Doctors Munger of New Haven and Rainsford of New York, and other names of equal prominence. This committee promptly subdivided itself into small groups to which were assigned special phases of the problem. The results of these investigations have been given to the public from time to time. At least three important volumes have been pub-

lished; the first dealing with the liquor problem in its legislative aspects, compiled by Frederick H. Wines and John Koran under the direction of President Eliot, Seth Lowe and James C. Carter. The second volume dealt with "The Economic Aspects of the Liquor Problem," by John Koran, under the direction of Professors Atwater, Farnham, John Graham Brooks, Carroll D. Wright and others. The third was entitled "Substitutes for the Saloon," by Raymond Calkings, under the direction of Professors E. R. S. Gould, Francis G. Peabody and William M. Sloane. Some of the chapters in this book considered the saloon as a social center and studied the "lunch room and coffee house substitutes," with special studies of conditions in representative cities—New York, Chicago, St. Paul and San Francisco.

R. L. Melendy, then a sociological student at Ann Arbor, under the direction of Graham Taylor of the Chicago Commons, made for this committee a careful study of

the saloons as social centers in Chicago. The results of Mr. Melendy's study were given wide publicity at the time and made a deep impression. These academic studies were re-enforced by the insistence of labor unions, single taxers, sociologists, settlement workers and other earnest students of economic problems, that the root of the temperance evil is an economic one; that inebriety is largely brought about by the overstrain, the underfeeding, the defective housing of the laboring classes, and that no specific remedy will avail much until our economics are so modified that the conditions of life are more hygienic.

With this contention I have large sympathy, and in my work for temperance I have placed heavy emphasis upon it. The effects of such studies necessarily lead the open mind to at least a generous tolerance of the saloon as it exists under present circumstances. Such studies call for a division of the question, demanding that the worker for temperance should begin

further back; they compel the critic to "put himself in the other man's place" and look at the world from the standpoint of the patron of the saloon, aye, of the victim of the saloon.

It was with no regret at the time and with much gratitude afterward that this unsolicited emergency gave me an opportunity to study at first hand the social phases of the saloon question under its most harmless conditions.

I have never gone "slumming;" it is a business which only experts can profitably pursue, but I am glad that this chance was thrust upon me to observe the average workings of a saloon under exceptionally wholesome conditions. Here was a saloon doing regular business under fair circumstances, if such words are fitting. If the words "legitimate," "law-abiding," "respectable," "decent" are ever applicable to any saloon they would seem to apply to this one, situated under circumstances almost idyllic and managed by a young man and woman whose voices

ring melodiously in my ear and whose courtesies to me and to my horse are graciously enshrined in my heart.

In the light of Mr. Calkings' characterization already referred to, of the saloon as the most democratic of institutions, and of his studies in this direction—and this is a case where a pinch of fact is worth a handful of theory—what is the sociological value of the saloon? Is it a "democratic institution?" Is it a "poor man's club" that deserves commendation at our hands, or at least commands our patience? Let the would-be scientific man beware lest he be hoisted by his own petard. The last man to be lost in glittering generalities is the would-be devotee of science. What are the cold, plain facts in the case? With all due respect to our economists and scientific sociologists, is it not plain that the primal cause of the saloon is not economic but a wanton indulgence of an appetite for stimulants, which is as imperious and destructive to the man in the automobile as to the man

in the mow? Both parted with their money, their judgment and their self respect for that which did them no good, and they knew that it did them no good. Imperfect environment may and does help feed, but does not create this appetite, and still less is the environment of the poor man ameliorated or improved by its indulgence. The inspiration of the saloon is now and always has been the liquor in it; the heart of it is in the bottle; the live serpent in the bottle is the stimulant, alcohol; "fire water," the Indians call it; aqua fortis, the strong water, it was once called. And in the light of experience and the growing conviction of science, this alcohol is an intruder in the body, an enemy of society, a menace to the State. It gratifies a morbid appetite and grows on what it feeds on. Sociologically, physiologically, ethically, it is bad from A to Z. So far as it goes it is demoralizing, disintegrating and degrading in its influence, and any tendency to be indulgent of its use, to give it the free-

dom of the home or the city, is indulgence, not liberality. This tendency to apologize for the saloon because there is something worse than the saloon is not keeping up with the times, but it is harking back to a worse time when the horrible stuff debauched life more than it does now, when it was a disturbing element up and down the social ladder to a far greater extent than now. To foster and multiply the saloons is to go back and down toward the time when the old lords proved their hospitality and enjoyed their conviviality by drinking themselves under the table, and the last man up was the best fellow. The practices and indulgences fostered by the American saloon under any conditions have made and still make for the ruin of the individual, the defeat of the school, the disgrace of the church and the burden of the State. The American saloon, perhaps I ought to say the Anglo-Saxon saloon, is an unique institution; it stands apart in its coarseness, its filth, its vulgarity and its damnable alliances. It finds

no counterpart in the sunny, music-haunted, truly social centers, the wine and beer cafes and gardens of the continent, where respectable men and women go and carry their children, without taint of disgrace or suspicion of prurient or debauching intent.

The protecting ordinances and laws of America preventing the admission of women, children and the unwary to the saloon, the screened doors, the sneaking sense of shame with which one enters, find their European parallel only in the real dens of vice, the confessed homes of debauchery, which are in disgraceful evidence in European as well as American cities.

I submit that the American saloon as a social center is not worthy of our respect or our tolerance so long as it is a place into which a man hesitates to take his wife, or where he would be sorry to see his boys go, so long as it is a place where such vices as profanity, vulgar speech, vicious politics, gambling and the un-

blushing cultivation of the lewd imagery and ribald tongue that lead to the degradation of women and the defamation of the home, find shelter there.

Scientifically, economically, politically, ethically, the American saloon at its best, even the white saloon in "Spotless Town by the Lake," is a place where the appetite for strong drink and its attendant stimulants are not only gratified but fostered, and, as such, first, last and all the time, it is a cancer in the body politic and, like all cancers, it has as yet baffled all treatment except that of the surgeon's knife. The X ray, as claimed by some, may ameliorate it; at certain incipient stages it may blight it to its death, but the only sovereign treatment for cancer that as yet commends itself to the honest practitioner, the truly scientific man, is the capital one. There are conditions when life can be saved only by the amputation of the diseased parts.

Consequently I rejoice in the many tokens that the same conviction increas-

ingly prevails in regard to the social cancer with men of science and men of business, the true politicians and the real statesmen, those who have the well-being of the State really at heart, without the limitations of dogmatic narrowness or Puritanic grimness. Slowly but surely the saloon is being eliminated from American life; an ever increasing area is being legislated by a popular, intelligent vote, out of the reach of the saloon, and there are no signs that this elimination is to prove transient; there are no indications of reactionary tendencies where the reform is once achieved.

Everywhere there are indications that popular intelligence is beginning to accept the slow but sure conclusions of science, the accumulating testimony of history, that alcohol drinking is bad; that the saloon is an unsocial center which vitiates the common life of the community, militates against the harmony of the home and depreciates the vitality of the individual.

A Night In a Saloon

I am speaking of no particular type of saloon; I am speaking of the bad, degrading influences that gather around all bibulous centers, which foster convivial habits all the way up and down the social scale, whether it be the club man's private wine locker, by which he evades the law, or the alley saloon with its dirty beer mug. There is an ordinance in the city of San Francisco which makes illegal the use in the saloon of tumblers with heavy bottoms because they make too efficient weapons for cracking skulls. It may be a far cry from the saloon where a heavy glass tumbler is against the law because it is an added menace to life, to the swell elegancies of the club where the wealthy, the prosperous, the masters of abundance, clink their glasses in defiance to law and order, seeking to make lawlessness respectable by the elegance of their cloth, the abundance of the silks and satins that rustle around their drinking tables. But all these belong not to the advanced sociology of the twentieth century; they

are, rather, belated survivals of the baronial dissipations of mediaeval times; they are reminiscences of feudalism and the debauchery that was thinly masked by the valor and the courtesies of a chivalry made necessary by the coarseness that trampled under foot the rights of the lowly, the purity of women and the honor of children.

This is not necessarily a discussion of the question of total abstinence, though I have convictions on this question based on a life-long practice. The question of the saloon is not even the question of prohibition. If any considerable number desire to drink the stuff, even to their degradation and death, they may be permitted so to do if they can get their "drinkables" in the same way as they get their eatables—in portable packages with no provision made for the consumption of the same on the premises. The dispensary system, which I have studied at short range in South Carolina, where it has been more thoroughly tried than anywhere

else in this country, was ethically and economically a vast improvement on the saloon system, but it broke down because of the simple fact that the humanity of South Carolina was not sufficiently ethical to stand the financial temptations involved therein. The opportunities for boodling and the temptations for graft proved too great for the office-holders of that State. It was the greed for money, not the greed for drink, that made scandalous the law and necessitated its repeal.

What can we do about it? What ought to be done about it? Obviously we must put ourselves in line with the more advanced thought and the more lofty practices in this direction. The lessons of the laboratory must be heeded and the dictum of science enforced. Children must be educated to feel the awful physiological and economic waste in this matter. It becomes every good citizen to stand out with the men and movements that look toward the abolition of the blighting curse of the nasty stuff. It becomes us to stand

up to be counted whenever opportunity offers; to cast off the leading strings of effete parties and their bosses and to take hold of this most practical reform in the most practical way.

And next, so far as possible, it is for such to exploit all the substitutes for the saloon that are available. The churches of the land are already equipped with the high outfit for this high competition. Where there is an opportunity for a glass of beer with a biscuit and a slice of bologna thrown in for five cents, let the church forces of the community see to it that in as close proximity as possible to this saloon there is a chance to get a cup of coffee for a cent, a doughnut for another, a sandwich for two cents. Where the saloons offer a stool let the churches offer a chair, plus cheerful lights, checker boards, pool tables, cards—anything except the insidious intoxicants that tempt the boys, the young men, the homeless, and the bums who frequent the corners. Let these waifs be wooed into the benign

havens, away from the malign lairs of vice and crime.

Would such coffee houses, lunch counters and buttermilk saloons pay expenses? At first, no; decidedly no! But the expense of one jail deliverance would pay the cost of one such experiment for a month. Said Horace Mann, "No price is too high to save a boy, if that boy is my boy."

Would these experiments succeed? Would they draw? Probably not at first. They certainly never have succeeded, because they have never been tried in any forceful, persistent fashion. All the great triumphs of the laboratory have been born out of repeated, costly, tiresome, discouraging failures, and the triumphs of the social laboratory can come in no other way and at no cheaper price.

But a truce to all these incidental discussions. Eliminate the preachments, the prescriptions and the prophecies, if you please, but do not dismiss with flippancy this story of a night in a saloon. Believe

me to be an honest reporter, and you will readily see what I realize, that I have failed to put adequate color into my story. I did not and could not do justice to the horrible revealments.

Do not forget that I have presented you the saloon in its most innocent aspect, a feeble type of the seven thousand or more such places that are open every night in the week in the city of Chicago alone, enticing boys, husbands, brothers, neighbors.

Is it not worth while, then, to try in any way, in every way possible, to bring ourselves and the community up and forward to the front lines of the twentieth century civilization rather than hark back to the weaknesses, the indulgences of a more ignorant past and a less developed intelligence?

Two Neighbors

Two Neighbors

I WANT to tell of two neighbors with whom my acquaintance extended over half a century, during all of which time I enjoyed their confidence and, to a large degree, their companionship and comradeship. They were real neighbors—kind, accommodating, willing, helpful and courteous. They were humble, modest neighbors, to whom no toil was mean or unwelcome. Though always needing a day's work and glad of the money involved, they ever put a touch of neighborly kindness, disinterested comradeship, a desire to oblige, into their tasks. In every such exchange I think there was on both sides an unestimated quantity of good will which was never rendered in the accounting.

The lives of these neighbors were humble, rural, retiring and obscure. My rela-

tion to them was necessarily intermittent, uneventful, commonplace, and so unimportant to the big world outside that it is almost a breach of confidence, an offense to the proprieties to think, much less speak of them to the busy, bustling world far removed from the beautiful, quiet, homelike little country graveyard where now the dust of my two neighbors rests in peace. The snows of winters, the flowers of summers, have rested on their tombs. And still my love for them pleads for a memorial word, demands a funeral sermon that has not been preached.

The full lesson of their lives, rendered plain by death, could not of course have been spoken in that country-side, but now, with the neighborhood courtesy, family sensitiveness and personal acquaintance all eliminated, I can, without breach of confidence, divulge as much of the story of "Bob" and "Billy" as will enable them through it to speak the words they often whisper in my ear to a brotherhood far

beyond their wildest dreams or furthest ken when alive.

While I would shield them with silence and shroud them with the courtesies of love and respect, the voice of conscience, an accusing voice, like that in the story of old, says to me, "Where are thy brothers?" I must speak, then, for "The voice of their blood crieth unto me from the ground." And I am sure I shall be pardoned by their spirits and their friends for lifting the curtain just a little that through me they may minister to the solemn truth to which their sad experiences witness.

"Bob" was a harmless citizen, a kindly neighbor, handy around the house; one of those men who had a woman's touch; he could wash, iron, mop the floor, put the kitchen in order and, at need, prepare a palatable meal. He was a man to help in time of strain, whether the strain was in the farmhouse, garden or harvest field. He was ready to piece out the widow's strength in her little garden plot, to mow her lawn and trim her trees, and equally

willing to take his pitchfork at the straw-pile and work at the dusty end of the threshing machine. Through many years of our midsummer life at Tower Hill, "Bob" was the handy man who set the cottages in order, who prepared the Pavilion for the big Sunday rallies and cleared the debris on the Monday following. Children loved "Bob;" women trusted him; men, who came with their culture, their diplomas and degrees for a rest under the trees, recognized that "Bob" was something more than a hired "hand" to help them out by the hour or by the day.

"Bob" had a vigorous, though a tainted, inheritance. "Old Pete," the father, was a jolly, robust, cheerful, competent Welsh pioneer who came into the lead regions of Wisconsin in the early days. He was one of the best known and most indispensable hands in the shot-tower industries of pre-railroad days at "Old Helena," which, by the strange mutations of western life, were long since translated into the comforts and

non-material industries of the Tower Hill Encampment. The shaft down which "Old Pete" used to drop the molten lead as death-dealing shot now yields the life-giving water which the winds lift to the top of the hill that it may be distributed to the summer cottages of Tower Hill.

But "Old Pete" was a notorious, boisterous drinking man in the later years of his life, only out of his cups when they were out of reach. And poor "Bob," the son, weaker in body, gentler in spirit, more cultured in manner, inherited the appetite and walked in the footsteps of his father. I cannot remember when "Bob's" weakness was not understood and accepted as inevitable by his sympathetic neighbors. "Bob" enlisted in the same artillery company in which I served, but he was discharged before we ever left the State. Whatever the reason may have been that was entered upon the roll, the real cause was this infirmity, which rendered him useless to the government. But "Bob" meant well; he was a loyal citizen. In

after years he prized the comradeship and cherished the comrades. In early years he faithfully started to the annual reunions, but seldom was able to answer to his name at roll call, for poor "Bob" was out of the service before the bugle sounded, and in later years he gave up the attempt altogether.

In due time "Bob" married and built himself a comfortable home. He was good to his wife and children, who dearly loved him. He was respected by all his neighbors. But year by year he went on earning and drinking; a large part of the result of one day's industry would promptly find its way on the next day into the tills of the saloon-keepers in the village three miles away. The farmers around accepted it as a neighborly obligation to bring poor "Bob" home at night, helpless, over the road which a few hours before he had traveled with alert and supple step. Year by year his life grew more pathetic. Men smiled, women pitied, children joked, but nobody interfered. While

the temptation and the opportunity remained any interference would seem useless; until at last, many years ago now, the heart, weary of its persistent fight against a deadly poison, gave it up, and poor "Bob," dear "Bob," was found in a village haymow, into which he had crept to sleep away his helplessness, dead. The redeeming sleep had indeed come, the sleep that knew no waking. Quietly and benignantly the imprisoned spirit was released from the nagging fetters; the tyrannical leash of the flesh was at last broken.

They said it was one of the largest funerals known for many years in that country-side, and everybody said, and felt it too, "Poor Bob! he had no enemy save the one fell enemy that undid him." The helpful offices of this kind and gentle man were testified to on every side. "Bob" had passed beyond the tempter's reach. Everybody pitied, and few blamed. His memory in that country-side is as green as the grass that grows on his grave. His

record, with the exception of this weakness, is pure as the winter snows that enshroud him.

"Billy," my other neighbor, had perhaps a more promising inheritance. His father was an aggressive, efficient, inventive Yankee, with a mechanical ingenuity that amounted almost to genius. He was the last Director of the shot-tower at Old Helena, under whose skillful management the manufacture of shot was brought to what, in the ante-bellum days, was a surprising state of perfection. "Billy" inherited much of his father's ingenuity and mechanical skill. He was wonderfully handy with tools of every kind. He was "Jack of all trades" for Tower Hill; could build a stone wall, patch a roof, paint a house, or lay a carpet. The neighbors would accept as accurate "Billy's" estimate of a wood lot or a plowed field when he had paced it. He was full of woodcraft; he knew the haunts and habits of the wild animals; he was the last of the

trappers in that country-side. He was the lone fisherman, and the fish diet of Tower Hill ran low when "Billy" forgot or neglected to set his lines.

Nature meant "Billy" to be a handsome, well-bodied, efficient man, but some untoward accident in babyhood marred the delicate mechanism, and the splendid column that would have lifted the handsome curly head into the full proportions of a man doubled in upon itself, making of "Billy" a human interrogation point, a grotesque little hunchback. But the clear blue eye, the melodious and winning voice, the self-respecting soul, gave an astonishing degree of muscular vigor and, as I have already hinted, of manual efficiency to the thwarted body.

In due time "Billy" married and made for himself a valley home. He had the best garden in the neighborhood; he marketed the earliest melons; he might have had a comfortable and happy home, but he became an "habitual." I cannot remember when "Billy's" regular visits to

the village were not taken as a matter of course. He could earn money easily. He did earn much, but most of it went to the unsavory and unattractive, nasty little saloons in the village, and everybody took it for granted that it was "Billy's" right to waste himself, to jeopardize the future of his children, to darken his little homestead with the blight that hangs over a drunkard's home, and that it was the right of these saloon-keepers to take from his helpless hands his hard-earned money, to send out of their doors a maudlin, quarrelsome, helpless man who had come in bright, intelligent, self-reliant, a genial citizen.

The neighbors were kind to "Billy" as they were to "Bob." They would pick him up along the roadside in his imbecility and give him a lift in his helplessness. But "Billy's" splendid inheritance, his clear spirit, his otherwise strong will and superior intelligence, were no match for the fell poison which sooner or later makes sure of its victim, and at last, in the early gray of

life, "Billy" sickened. He flattered himself, or concealed his humiliation in the thought that he had been poisoned by some unwholesome milk drank during an absence from home. But the doctor knew and all the neighbors surmised what "Billy" knew better than any of them, that the organs were worn out and were giving up the fight; and in the springtime of his old age, as of his garden, he slept, and the dust of the little body rests in the beautiful little cemetery that overlooks the winding, unwearying, unhasting river. Here in the same quiet "God's Acre" rest the bodies of "Bob" and "Billy," the two "drunkards" of that country-side. It pains me to write the word. How it grates upon the ear, particularly of those who knew and through it all loved and respected "Bob" and "Billy!" Through all the long years of dissipation, neither of them lost the fine sense of honor, the business integrity, the purity of life and, except when maddened by drink, the purity of speech and the courteous demeanor. Spite of all

that has been said, the fact must be emphatically stated that "Bob" and "Billy" were gentlemen, respected by their neighbors, and when I return to my old haunts I miss their cordial greeting and their hearty welcome. They have a place in the line of the absentees whose shadows rise benignly before me as I walk or drive along those quiet country ways, in the shade of those benignant trees and the shelter of the protecting bluffs that have been and will be my comfort and strength from boyhood to the end.

Because I loved and respected them I lay this tribute upon their graves, hoping that it will add a touch of sincerity to the painful confession I must make.

I who witnessed the struggle, saw the inevitable decline, realized the helplessness of the victims in the bonds of an appetite which had long, long since passed beyond their control, felt the hopelessness of the situation, stood by with listless hands with the community of that country-side, consenting to the earthly damna-

tion of my two neighbors. I had no vote there, but I neighbored with the intelligent men who affected public spirit, and who did have votes, and who for forty years or more issued official warrant and public license, sometimes to four or more men in that little rural village of less than a thousand souls, to lay their snares and bait their traps for "Bob" and "Billy." These four or more men, like all the voters of that town and the taxpayers of that community, knew that "Bob" and "Billy" were as helpless in the presence of their temptations as is the lamb in the jaws of the wolf. The saloon-keepers, as well as all the men who licensed them, knew perfectly well that day by day, week by week, month by month, year by year, through a long lifetime, the hard won earnings of these two men went into the tills of those who gave in return what they knew and everybody knew would promptly craze the brain, confuse the judgment, stun the senses, bring partial paralysis to muscle and nerve, so they

could not walk or talk straight. The saloon-keepers, as well as the men who legalized their business, knew also that "Bob" and "Billy" were no sociological freaks, no exceptional men, unrelated, standing alone, but that they were only two individual conspicuous types of an ever-lengthening line of men in that community, some of them mere boys, who were in training for the same imbecility, on the road to the same helplessness. "Bob" and "Billy" simply stood at the head, perchance, of a staggering procession, and when the blessed release came and the prison gates were thrown open and the enslaved went free, there were plenty to keep up the business, to close up the file, to make "Bob's" and "Billy's" places good. Those saloon-keepers knew and all the voters knew that "Bob" and "Billy" had children who suffered from the humiliations, who were threatened by the gruesome inheritance, and who were liable to pass the blighting plague down through unborn generations. They knew

that "Bob" and "Billy" had wives who were being humiliated, who were breaking their hearts and wearing out their lives under the relentless tyranny.

When the storm gullies a country road and pitfalls menace the safety of man or beast that travels thereon, the town is prompt in repairing the damage; at least, knowing its responsibility in the case, it hastens to post a danger signal and put a fence around the menace while the danger lasts. When a bridge is built the town is required by law to safeguard it with adequate railing, and in default of these provisions the town is responsible for any damages incurred.

I know the perplexities of the temperance problem; I know the difficulty of drawing lines between the responsibility and the dependence of the individual, but here there can be no doubt that the public not only consented to but created the pitfalls in the roads over which "Bob" and "Billy" traveled. There is no shadow of a doubt that for over a quarter of a cen-

tury these men were maimed with defective organisms. The rickets that deformed the body of "Billy" was no more real, actual, demonstrable a physical defect than the rickets of the will, so closely allied thereto, which made it impossible for him to go straight by the open door of the saloon, or to take that boasted "first" glass and then stop, of which the average man in his conceit is so proud. The great God alone can answer the question, "Who did sin, this man or his parents?" in regard to our "Bob," but one thing is sure—that all the benign forces in his nature (and they were many), all the restraining and helpful forces in his environment, including loyal wife, loving children and kind neighbors, were inadequate to carry him over the bridge to which there were no railings. There is no disputing the fact that for many years those two neighbors of mine were moral cripples, defectives, unable to care for themselves unaided; much more so than if they had been blind, deaf, or wanting in legs

or arms. And there is no disputing the further fact that had their defects been of this latter kind, the community, not only by private beneficences but by civic forethought, would have pieced out their deficiencies, shielded them from danger, and helped them through the mazes of the world.

It is with pain and humiliation, then, that I confess that I as a neighbor failed in my neighborly obligations, and still more guilty would I have been if I had had the rights of a citizen neighbor and had still not persistently and continuously interposed a helping, guiding and preventing hand. I believe that the voters of that little hamlet egregiously failed in their duty when they failed to shield and direct those crippled neighbors of theirs and mine.

Here, then, we have the saloon problem in a nutshell, a concrete illustration of the general situation. The saloons, which so mar the beauty, sanity and respectability of that village, helped debauch and

continued to pauperize my two neighbors, and they were permitted to continue their fell work until they had secured the last nickel, drained to the dregs the cup of life of "Bob" and "Billy," which dregs indeed they helped make bitter as gall and wormwood.

Now these little tragedies of the countryside, this spiritual calamity that befell two innocent farm neighbors of mine, that steeped in woe two little homes in obscure little valleys of Wisconsin, three miles away from no place, is typical. The story of "Bob" and "Billy" is duplicated in every hamlet, multiplied by ten in every small city, and by tens of thousands in every great metropolis. The saloons everywhere, in the big city as well as in the rural railway station, are in the man-destroying business, and the very attempt to hedge them about with license and police regulation arraigns their business as dangerous, classes the saloon-keepers as traffickers in poison, as men who menace the well-being of the community. We do not

have to license the selling of cheese or of bread, but we do have to circumscribe in every way possible the trade in prussic acid, morphine, calomel, nitro-glycerin and alcoholic compounds of every description.

Now the licenses, which are really designed to circumscribe the power of the saloons for evil, to limit their nefarious influence, but which actually contribute to the indifference and complacency of conscience on behalf of the voter and the taxpayer, are justified only on one or more of these three possible counts, viz:

1. That the license money is a civic convenience, perchance a corporate necessity; without it the modern city could not sustain its police systems or adequately support its schools.

2. The drink habit is so persistent, the appetite for stimulants so universal, the demand for grog so imperative, that it cannot be suppressed, hence must be controlled. The saloons are licensed that

they may be held in leash; they are listed that they may be watched, curbed and controlled.

3. The state must not interfere with the liberty of choice. We have no right to make men sober or virtuous by law, we are told. This is the Personal Liberty claim.

These three defenses, studied in the light of recent developments, analyzed by the help of latest science and the growing experience of communities, seem to render something like the following conclusions:

First, the revenue argument. To state it is to condemn and refute it. What, license a saloon in order to get money to pay for the police force and courts necessary to handle the petty crimes which the saloons have chiefly created? The expensiveness of the constabulary, jails, prisons, fire departments, which everybody knows are largely made necessary by the fell work of the saloon, has been presented so often that our ears have grown dull to it. I am sure there are well-

meaning saloon-keepers, possibly decent saloons, but none are more willing than those saloon-keepers who believe in a decent saloon to admit that their business is allied to lawlessness, coarseness and crime. And no one knows better than those saloon-keepers that a saloon business kept within the limits of decency, as they themselves understand it, is a losing business. A law-abiding saloon-keeper is foreordained to bankruptcy. The time was when honest business men were solicitous for the prosperity of the town that was bereft of its saloons. They looked upon an anti-saloon agitation as a menace to trade; but that much-threatened "green grass" that used to grow in the streets in the "Dry" town has withered long ago. A thousand towns in the Mississippi valley have disproved the foolish theory. Villages and cities without number are growing prosperous, happy and jolly on every hand without the saloon and confessedly on account of its absence.

The second justification of the license,

on the ground that it is the only practical thing to do, that saloons must be, that drink habits are incurable and must be controlled, is also negatived with wonderful efficiency by the most recent studies in sociology, founded upon and justified by the growing "Dry" territory of the United States. Not much longer can a man lay claim to intelligence or honesty who insists that a community, large or small, must necessarily cater to vice, and that the standards of purity and sobriety which the individual believes in must be lowered by the ordinances of that community. No laws are wholly effective; no regulations are adequately enforced, but not on that account does the wise statesman urge their elimination from the statute books.

The better elements of the community have too long truckled to the vicious and the dissipated. Politicians have assumed that good causes must make friends with vice; that even high-minded men must sometimes appeal to the saloon and establish their headquarters in the back rooms

of the same if they are to win. But that time is fast going by. Fortunately, this is no longer a question to be settled by arguments. There are facts in the case to demonstrate that there are more sober than dissipated voters in the community; that the right-minded can outvote the wrong-minded; that the worthy can to a degree control and that they should do so in the affairs of the community. Just as fast as this principle is recognized the drunkard-making mill, the insinuating pitfalls for our "Bobs" and our "Billys" must go, and they will go independently of the question of ultimate teetotal abstinence. If one must gratify a lamentable love of stimulants, if one's nerves are so debauched that he cannot live the temperate and sober life, let him secure his alcoholic poisons as he does his arsenic and other drugs—under the direction of his doctor, in packages, to be consumed in solitude, reducing thereby their power for evil to others and circumscribing their dangers to himself to the minimum.

The times are ripe for experimentation on these lines; the call is for sociological laboratory work on a large scale. The demands of science, of statesmanship, as well as of religion, enforce the old summons of the Bible legend; we are our "brothers' keepers," and the blood of the fallen calls to us from the ground. The case is not so hopeless as it seems; the situation is not so desperate as is urged. The city is not always to be a carbuncle on the neck of the body politic, a place where degenerate tissue is inflamed by the precipitation of impurities, but it is to be the flowering of the social organism, the efflorescence and fruitage, the finest output on the upper branches of the tree of life. We can not only do much more than we are now doing to save our "Bobs" and our "Billys," but we can greatly decrease the manufacture of such. We can put the nefarious business in its right light and let it be seen that the poor victims of this business are, in the last analysis at least, moral cripples, spiritual dwarfs, diseased victims,

broken men, appealing to us for pity and demanding of us remedial treatment.

The third justification of the saloon—the "Personal Liberty" cry, the right of a man to debauch himself if he will, also demands and is receiving attention.

What of this? The cry of "Liberty" is a popular one in America, and justly so. Freedom is a precious achievement, bought with a great price. I yield to no man in my loyalty to the sacred rights of the soul to carve out its own destiny; to win its translation through mistakes; to rise by virtue of its blunders. The only heaven I believe in and hope for is reached by the road which passes the entrances to hell. Salvation comes only to the soul that has escaped damnation. But Liberty is no longer a thing of the individual. Personal liberty ends where public weal begins. My rights stop when they encroach upon the rights of the community. Democracy may be not inaptly defined as the curbing of the individual's liberty for the sake of the public good. It is the mis-

sion of the State to defend the diseased and the defective from the arrogant encroachment of the strong and the adequate; to protect the unwary from the subtle exploitations of the competent. No liberty must be granted to the New Orleans householder to leave uncovered his cisterns, that breed the deadly mosquito in yellow fever time. The multi-millionaire has no more right than the junk man to dump his garbage into the back yard that it may breed pestilence. The prince and the beggar, the philosopher and the fool must respect the ethics of the road, the safeguards of the street and the time limits. The automobile and the push-cart alike must "keep to the right," as the law directs. In this way only can the freedom of the road be secured. The freedom of the locomotive is found on the track, not in the ditch. It must keep to the rails if it is to know the liberty of action.

Thus it is that slowly but surely the logic of the situation is clearing. The problem of personal liberty is being

changed, or rather deepened, into personal obligation. The shallow and selfish man prates about his "rights;" the profound and altruistic man is concerned about his duties. The "boss" uses the public; the patriot serves the public. We are our "brothers' keepers." The supposed private interests, the still more insinuating claims of party and prejudices of sect, must give way and the community rise in its corporate might and vindicate its freedom, which is found only in the sanity of the body politic. The whole cannot be unmindful of the parts. The foot cannot say to the head, "I have no need of thee!"

A Supreme Judge of the State of Illinois has recently been telling the citizens of Illinois that they have as good laws as they deserve, as wise an administration as they have a right to ask for, as noble a government as they can enforce. This is only half the truth. The other half is equally patent. The good people of this commonwealth have not expressed themselves in their full might, and under pres-

ent management they cannot thus express themselves. The noblest elements of society have not yet been adequately consulted, either in the legislative or executive departments of our country. There have been disturbing elements in our civic life that have divided the competent, confused the sober, and defeated the worthy. Of these disturbing elements I venture to mention three.

1. The sordid anxiety for prosperity; the love of gain; the eagerness for profit; the horrible debauching of the dollar. This induces even church members to build and rent houses to debauching industries; it has inspired mighty combinations of capital to embark in body-destroying and soul-crippling enterprises. So the inspirations that multiply and protect the saloon spring chiefly not out of the love of stimulants, not even out of the passion for society, the commendable need for communion and companionship, but out of the love of the dollar. It is not the appetite

for drink, but the appetite for wealth that we have to cope with primarily.

2. The tyranny of party politics, the humiliating slavery of the voter to his clique and his clan. The central issue in the life of the municipality today is never decided on its merits. We are never able to rally the forces of sobriety on the one hand and of inebriety on the other. The would-be friends of temperance, the guardians of the weak and the unwary, are constantly found casting their votes for a liquor-soaked saloon-keeper in his filth and his debauchery, if he belongs to their own party, rather than joining issues with the noble and the sober in the interest of a creditable candidate who belongs to the other party, though there be no possible party issue at stake.

Thus at the polls we constantly find good men, believers in the home, friends of chastity and sobriety, lending themselves to the fell task of lifting lecherous men into high offices, trusting the lives of innocent lambs to the keeping of lascivious

and debauching wolves who have not even the decency to hide their hideousness with a cloak of sheepskin.

3. The wasteful distractions of the ethical and religious forces by the sectarian spirit have greatly weakened the corporate life of the community, divided the high interests of the municipality. The commonwealth suffers pitiably from the distractions and dissipations of the sects, the lack of harmony and co-operation among the churches. I do not charge the churches with aggressive bigotry and low rivalries. Happily the day of sectarian bitternesses is largely gone or going. In the main, deacons and pastors have quit fighting one another, but they have not yet learned how to work together heroically for great civic causes. Their preoccupations in the interest of denominational propaganda crowd out the high combinations that would inspire them with courage to save the state and serve the nation. There are temperate, sane and saintly people enough to make even the greatest

metropolis go "Dry" in some wise fashion in the next five years, if they will only have faith enough in themselves and their neighbors to trust the inspirations of purity, to work together and live together for the redemption of the community.

But I have gone far afield from the two graves on the beautiful heights above the river in a far-off country-side. I have ventured my tribute of love and respect to my two unfortunate neighbors, hoping that it might prepare the minds and quicken the hearts of a few for more heroic grappling with the questions that are concerned with the well-being of those still living. In comparatively prosperous times, at the very heart of the great Mississippi valley, when its granaries were overcrowded, the products of the field and garden begging for purchasers, at a time when market prices were low from overproduction, when the manufacturers and bankers were gleefully predicting a prompt return of prosperity and boastfully exhibiting the figures of increasing deposits and expand-

ing exchanges, a calm and critical commission reported five thousand hungry and ten thousand underfed children attending the public schools of Chicago. And the major causes of this suffering were traceable to the seductions of the nasty, unwholesome, unsocial saloon.

What is to be done under such circumstances? There is great danger that the weakest, wickedest thing possible will be done because it is the easiest thing to do, viz, that the lazy, overfed, underworked, indulgent children of prosperity, pricked into temporary shame, will be allowed to pour out their soup-house charities in certain congested and hungry districts. Could the sufferers be thus reached it would be mediaeval benevolence, blighting both receiver and giver, bargaining for greater wretchedness than ever. Give five thousand children their breakfasts for a month, either from private or public charity, and there will be eight thousand clamoring for the breakfasts next month, and many of the breakfasted children will be

asking for a dinner also; and before a winter season is over long lines of fathers and mothers, as well as children, will be waiting for the gruesome bread-wagon to appear.

Chicago, in this emergency just spoken of, did the wiser thing. No bread was given to a hungry child until its case had been investigated by a competent representative of the commonwealth, and when by such investigation the cause was discovered it was largely remedied. It was easily demonstrated that a painful number of these children were hungry because their bread-money had been converted into beer-money. The brewers and distillers of Chicago had deposited in the banks the money that should have nourished the pale, pathetic school children.

But another percentage of these children were traced into homes where there was no money either for beer or bread, for the earning capacity of one or both parents was gone. They were the children of the "Bobs" and the "Billys" of Chi-

cago; those who had been debauched by the mug and the pipe, twin poisons that debilitate the nerves, weaken the wills, and make men old before their time.

There was still another percentage of these ten thousand underfed children who were discovered to be the victims of economic injustice; children of hard-working men and women who were under-paid, honest factors in the industrial life of Chicago, or who had been thrown out of their jobs by the emergencies of vicious financiering and plunging capitalists. These capitalists had perhaps saved their bank deposits by shutting down the mill or reducing the wages, regardless of the moral claim of their unrecognized partners in the business, those who had built homes, reared children, invested their lives; skilled laborers, indispensable factors in the business in whose control they had no voice, and who in dire crises must look elsewhere for relief.

Now, by whatever means this hunger has come about, whether by misuse of

wages, incapacity to work from debauchery, or a lack of opportunity to exchange honest sweat for honest bread, there is but one course of action worthy a civilized community, and that is to trace the hunger to its fell source and bring to bear the cleansing, renovating stream of civic power as well as private benevolence, the redeeming enthusiasms of religion. Here the highest liberty which can be accorded is the liberty to deny one's self in the interest of the well-being of the weakest.

Let the story of "Bob" and "Billy" give us courage. Let no one be paralyzed by the magnitude of the job. Do not tell me it is too big an undertaking to save such good men; that there is not time, money or skill enough for such thorough and radical work, and that consequently there is nothing left but to do a little emergency work and order out the sandwich wagon.

This task would be too great for a city of barbarians, or a nation of unorganized, segregated, disintegrated, detached individuals, distrustful of one another, unac-

customed to co-operative action, dull to public interest, jealous of their individual rights, careless of common weal, but it is an easy task to a civilized community, to an organized brotherhood, to **Citizens** who are through with the Cain-like evasions of responsibility, who have learned that they are their "brothers' keepers," who are willing to take up the task of brotherly service, to bend the line of their individual rights into the circle of their common responsibility.

Such Citizens will not always hear the taunt that comes up from the ground; they will become voters from whose brows has been removed the mark of Cain.

The Flanking Columns In the War for Sobriety

The Flanking Columns

ON AN early morning in November, 1863, General Braxton Bragg, Commander of the Confederate forces, and the lady at whose house he had established his headquarters, were looking down from the crest of Missionary Ridge upon the beleaguered city of Chattanooga, where the half-starved Union army under General Thomas was apparently hopelessly besieged. Their nearest post of supplies was thirty miles away; the banks of the Tennessee river between Chattanooga and Bridgeport were so infested by guerillas and scouts of the enemy that it was unavailable for transportation purposes, and the road of bottomless mud was corduroyed with the dead bodies of the patient mules that had fallen in their tracks, unable to go further. The luckless

army was enclosed by a bristling horseshoe of batteries, reaching from Lookout Mountain on the river to the west, to the end of Missionary Ridge at the mouth of Chickamauga Creek on the east.

The Confederate army was in comfortable winter quarters on the well fortified heights, with ample stores in the immediate rear, unmenaced railroad connections into the heart of the Confederacy and unbroken telegraphic connection with the capital city of Richmond. Said the lady:

"General, what would you want me to do if some day we were to see those Union soldiers down there climbing this Ridge to the crest and putting your army to flight?"

"Take no alarm, madam," replied the confident general, jauntily. "There is no danger; we have got the Yanks bottled; they are starving down there now. Thomas' army is discouraged; mine is well fed, comfortable, enthusiastic. We have got them. General Sherman's army

that marched across the state of Tennessee from Memphis to the relief of Thomas, whose camp fires made the Wahatchie valley west of Lookout Mountain brilliant a few nights ago, has given it up. He is too good a general to add his army to the starving forces of Thomas. He has crossed the Tennessee River and is now on his way to the relief of Knoxville. Do not disturb yourself in imagining the impossible."

In some such words as these it is reported did the gallant and dauntless Bragg comfort his hostess; and, in justice to the brave commander, let it be said that these words were no idle boast; circumstances seemed to justify his confidence; for Chattanooga at this crisis was one of the few points where the Confederate forces had clearly the advantage in numbers, military supplies and strategic position. It was one of the few times when the Union army was successfully besieged. If ever a general was justified in assuming his position invulnerable,

General Bragg was so justified at Chattanooga. His army had already measured forces with the enemy; he had outwitted and outfought him; he had him where he wanted him and had good reason to believe that he could starve him or crush him, as he chose.

But how little can the wisest know of the nature and character of his foes! How fallible is the keenest sagacity, how inadequate the most prudent foresight, for—

> "The best laid plans o' mice and men
> Gang aft agley."

At that very moment, when the words of the General were so reassuring to the widow, Hooker was marshaling his charging column at the foot of Lookout Mountain, and Sherman's forces, which General Bragg thought moving rapidly toward Knoxville, a hundred or more miles away, to meet which he had detached some of his best fighting men under Longstreet some days before, were in fact hidden away just north of Waldron Ridge, within earshot of Bragg's picket posts and within

sight of the bivouac fires that gleamed on Missionary Ridge.

What transpired is now world-famous history. Very soon, Hooker's well-fed, well-clothed, well-directed re-enforcements were fighting among the clouds, above which at last the stars and stripes were seen floating, soon to be planted on the boldest crest of Lookout Mountain. The "impregnable" had been taken. Meanwhile, in the still midnight hours, Sherman was throwing his pontoon bridge across the river to Bragg's right, and the rebel pickets, sleeping in a sense of perfect security, awoke to find themselves prisoners before they had fired a shot, and Bragg discovered the startling fact that Sherman's forces, toughened by the military campaigns in Mississippi and disciplined by the siege of Vicksburg, had flanked his army on the right as Hooker had flanked it on the left.

Meanwhile the beleaguered Thomas had not moved. His starving army was watching in breathless anxiety; the

psychological moment had not yet arrived; but when it did, the hungry men arose, and that historic charge, unordered and unled by officers, transpired. With unexpected prowess the men climbed the bristling front of Missionary Ridge and, perhaps as much to the surprise of their own generals as that of the opposing leaders, found themselves in possession of the enemy's rifle pits. The courage displayed in this charge of Thomas' army was psychological, not physical, for the files of Bragg had already been thinned into a skirmish line in order to meet the unexpected flanking columns of Sherman and Hooker.

Happily, the clash of arms is heard no more among the mountains of Tennessee. These United States no longer agonize over a cruel fratricidal war. Thank heaven, the scouting, raiding, charging and flanking, on the low levels of physical force, are over! God grant that they may be forever over. Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge now constitute a na-

tion's playground, a beautiful sanitarium for invalids. Little children play among the crumbling embrasures and birds build their nests and rear their young in the mouths of the neglected cannon. The stars and stripes are saluted lovingly and loyally by the children of the South and the North. The rusty remnants of the regiments of Bragg and "Pap" Thomas meet in genial reunion on what were once the rampired heights. Shoulder to shoulder the wearers of the gray and of the blue keep time to the one band which now plays "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" and anon plays "Dixie."

And still, this is no time to cry "Peace, peace—for there is no peace!" The citizens of these United States are again engaged in a mighty war. Larger, more determined, more valorous armies are being marshaled today than those that wore the blue and the gray from '61 to '65. More lives are being sacrificed, more homes devastated, more property destroyed, more fortunes wrecked, more

individual careers ruined, and the issues are more profound in this war for sobriety than were ever involved in the War of the Rebellion. The figures of inebriety that represent the wastefulness of the saloon, the weakness and wickedness of drunkards, the wretchedness of their homes, the misery of their children, the humiliation of their wives, are simply beyond comparison with the gruesome figures of the most gigantic and wicked of wars.

This battle-ground is not sectional; the weapons are not bullets and bayonets, but arguments and ballots. None the less, it is war, war to the hilt. An unrelenting, unyielding, irreconcilable battle is on between the forces of temperance and intemperance, the army of the sane and the sober fighting against the army of the dissolute and those who would profit from dissipation by bartering in the stuff that dissipates. More and more clearly is the issue drawn; more and more inevitable is the battle.

Today the commanders of the drink

army, like Bragg on Missionary Ridge, may look down complacently, perhaps contemptuously, upon what they deem the dirty starvelings in the grim army of reformers. They may look with confidence upon that invulnerable line of saloon-keepers, seven thousand or more in Chicago alone, backed by the well-fed hosts who are engaged in the liquor industries in one way or another. The complacency of these whiskey Braggs, the Generals in the army, may seem altogether justifiable in view of the exhaustless resources back of them, the abundant capital, the mountainous aggregations of the brewing and distilling interests of the United States, the expert legal skill, the subtleties of politicians who have for so long maintained efficient back-door connections with the saloons of the country. According to the official figures for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1909, the drink bill of the United States amounted to $1,745,300,385, almost twice as much as the United States debt. During the same time the government

returns showed that 133,450,755 gallons of distilled liquors were produced in the United States, and 56,303,497 barrels of beer. In view of the mighty combinations of capital, the humble and faithful armies of private laborers who are shedding honest sweat in the business, and the appetites pandered and developed, to satisfy which required in 1907 twenty-three gallons of stimulants of one kind or another per capita, well may the General Bragg of these inebriating armies look down with complacent derision on the beleaguered hosts in front, made up of poorly fed and inadequately disciplined regiments of reformers and agitators, impecunious preachers, impractical idealists, well-meaning rhapsodists and disfranchised women, whom they suspect of forgetting that this is earth and not heaven, and that consequently one must needs deal with men, fallible men, and not with angels.

The attacking army in front seems to be an inadequate one; it appears to be fighting in a losing battle, a well-nigh

hopeless one. Surely the past and, apparently, the plain, prosaic business present, seem to be against them. But lo! unlooked for flanking forces are swinging into line. The Hooker of science is climbing Lookout Mountain; his men are now fighting above the clouds, but their feet are on solid ground; they are going to hold the rugged heights they have achieved. The laws of hygiene, sanitary science, the white-robed nurses in the hospital, the testimony of clear-eyed physicians are flanking the saloon-keeping army. More and more clear, nearer and nearer to unanimity, is the testimony of the flanking army of science that alcohol is an intruder in the physical organism; that whiskey is a poison, and that whatever of value or nutriment there may be in beer, that infinitesimal quantity lurks there in spite of, not on account of, the two per cent or more of alcohol, for the sake of which most men drink the dirty stuff. According to the overwhelming consensus of the competent in

science, the economy of alcohol in the healthy body is, to say the least, extremely doubtful, and its function in the diseased body is a delicate, subtle problem which only such experts as are competent to pronounce on medicines and the medicinal values of poisons can decide.

The saloon-keeping and saloon-patronizing army is loath to take issue with the physician. They have been content thus far to ignore him; they either underestimate or wholly ignore the existence of this flanking army. They know that no physician who cares a straw for his reputation will undertake to justify the bibulous habits which alone make the saloon business profitable. The man who wants his one glass of beer with his dinner, or who is contented with a five-cent luncheon, has little or nothing in common with the man who joins with his three or more pals in the hospitalities of the saloon, which require that before their luncheon is over four glasses be poured into the stomach, making the luncheon cost not

five, but twenty cents. The saloon has no more effective enemy than the solitary one-glass-of-beer luncher. The proprietor loses money on him, and were all of his patrons to come within hailing distance of the scientific minimum, it would soon break up the saloon business, which cannot live on the physician's prescription. Science, even of the most conservative and reactionary kind, is flanking the drinking forces of the United States, and with its aid the temperance forces that are now fighting above the clouds are destined to rout the enemy.

Dr. George W. Webster, President of the Illinois State Board of Health, is a man to compel a hearing, and when, in a public address recently given before the critical audience which makes up the Chicago Medical Society, he said that the death rate from alcohol is greater than that from tuberculosis, which aggregates 140,000 a year; when he said that ten per cent of all the deaths in the United States are caused, directly or indirectly,

by the use of alcoholic stimulants; that twenty per cent of our insane owe their condition to its use; that it costs the United States twelve billions a year to maintain its asylums and its institutions peopled largely by the victims of alcohol; when he said that the death rate of alcoholics from pneumonia is fifty per cent; and, further, when he testified that both mental and physical work can be done more efficiently, with fewer mistakes and less danger to the individual, without alcohol; that in infectious diseases the abstainer has a better chance for recovery; that alcohol always destroys the resisting power of the body and lowers the vitality, he compelled the profession and the laity alike to take notice.

And Doctor Webster is only one of thousands. The same testimony comes from over the sea; academic Germany has served notice on the Kaiser that the bibulous habit which has menaced his health and power is undermining the virility of the German army, and heroic

steps are being taken to put even the fighting Germans on a temperance basis.

Now, lo and behold! the somber, grim William Tecumseh Sherman, head of the economic forces, field marshal of the business men, has crossed the Tennessee and is moving his solid but quiet industrial columns up the Chickamauga valley. He is surprising General Bragg; he leads another flanking column on the enemy's right. The great captains of industry are learning more and more the wastefulness of the drink habit, the deteriorating influence of the saloon upon their employes. They can estimate in dollars and cents the wretchedness that might be avoided, aye, that is being avoided largely when communities go "Dry." The business wisdom of this economic army is demoralizing the whole line; it is sweeping the country in the rear of the enemy. First it took possession of the rural regions, then of the villages, and now city after city is surrendering, not

through the action of the army in front but through the irresistible movements of this flanking army of common sense, financial thrift and business wisdom. The political boss, with his "What will you have?" is losing his power in the presence of the business boss, who says to the voter as to the toiler, "Don't make a fool of yourself!"

Nine States of the Union have already become prohibition States, four of them made such by constitutional amendment. They represent a population of fifteen million or more people. Thirty-three States of the Union have local option provision; sixteen of these have county units. Already it is estimated that about two-thirds of the area of the United States is "Dry" territory, in which the saloon business, as a business, is illicit. This is chiefly the result of a flanking army whose movements are as irresistible, as rapid, and fraught with as much danger as were the movements of Sherman's columns up Tunnel Hill.

The Flanking Columns

In 1909 there was a decrease in the production of beer of 2,444,183 barrels in the United States. The per capita consumption of spirits of all kinds reached its maximum in the United States in 1907, twenty-three gallons as already stated; 1909 saw a reduction of two gallons per head throughout the United States. This decrease is obviously largely the result of the flanking army of economists, and this General Bragg's army is most amenable to the dollars-and-cents argument. It is economic sense building on the economic necessity that is winning the undemonstrative, silent voter; this is doing the business. The political boss, whose dependence is upon the "bhoys" rather than upon the men in this war, and the unscrupulous speculators in the weakness of men and the virtue of women, are losing their power in the presence of the awakened and enlightened taxpayer. It does not follow that all this flanking army of voters are teetotalers, either in theory or in practice; they certainly are not all

political prohibitionists; they may have arrived at no conclusive creed concerning the drink question; they do not know what the final social adjustment is to be. The vast majority see with perfect clearness that there must be more and not less provision made for the social amenities, for the pastimes, the reunions of men and women. All workingmen, whether they work with the pick, the file, the pen, or the tireless activity of the brain, are simply tired of seeing the substance of the community wasted, disgusted with the cost of policemen and courts that are kept busy handling vulgar drunks and are made inefficient by the subtle demoralizations of their seducers. The most effective temperance organizations in America today are the great industrial plants, and their leaders are the captains of industry. Their conclusions are based upon the unerring and consequently overwhelming testimony of the ledger. It is another case where "figures will not lie." They have discovered the persistent foe to pros-

perity, the insidious enemy of efficient labor, the sources of danger in places of trust and responsibility. In this great flanking army of business perhaps the mighty railway systems of America are the most effective corps. Rule "Eight," published for the government and information of employes, on the working card of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway System, in force on all the divisions of that road, runs as follows:

> The use of intoxicating drinks has proven a most fruitful source of trouble to railways as well as to individuals. The company will exercise the most rigid scrutiny in reference to the habits of employes in this respect, and any employe who has been dismissed on this account will not be re-employed. Drinking when on duty or frequenting saloons will not be tolerated, and preference will be given to those who do not drink at all.

This represents in substance the regulations enforced by all the leading railway systems of the United States and Canada. Thirty-two railroad companies furnished such information to the Anti-Saloon League Year Book for 1909, the reports on which may be consulted on pages 143-

147 of said book. Similar information has been courteously given me by many of the officials representing the leading trunk lines centering in Chicago. The Burlington System, in their general rules, prohibit the use of intoxicants while on duty, and further state that the habitual use or the frequenting of places where intoxicants are sold is sufficient cause for dismissal.

The General Manager of another great system centering in Chicago writes me:

> While we have no printed matter on the subject, these unwritten rules are thoroughly understood. The drinking of liquor is not tolerated among employes, particularly those in train and engine service; and frequenters of saloons are arbitrarily dismissed whether ever seen in an intoxicated condition or not.

The following from a general notice issued by the Third Vice-President of the Baltimore & Ohio Railway System, January 1st, 1908, is taken from the Year Book alluded to above:

> Officers and employes will take notice that there will not be employed, nor permitted to remain in the service, in the capacity of trainmaster, dispatcher, operator, engineer, fireman or trainman, yardman, block or other

signalman, watchman, or in other positions in any way charged with the direction or operation of trains, persons who use intoxicants, either while on duty or off duty. Under no circumstances will exceptions be made.

The Pere Marquette Railroad Company, in Rule Twenty-three, provides that employes in any capacity who frequent places where liquor is sold will not be retained in the service.

The laws of Michigan provide that

No person shall be employed as engineer, train dispatcher, fireman, baggage master, conductor, brakeman, or other servant, upon any railroad in any of its operating departments, who uses intoxicating drinks as a beverage.

A gigantic temperance movement has been organized among the employes of the Northwestern Railway System by their own initiative. When it was known that it was the settled policy of the road to retain the non-drinking men in dull seasons, a pledge signed by over 25,000 employes, which had been circulated throughout the 7,000 miles of their system, was forwarded to the President of the road.

But the railroad companies are not alone in discovering the economic value of sobriety and the business necessity of enforcing temperance habits. The following carefully prepared statement, which shows what one business firm can do and has done in Chicago in the way of flanking the drinking army, was furnished me by one high in the employ of a great mail order firm of this city:

Several tracts adjacent to the forty-acre lot purchased by us in 1904 for our new plant are prohibition by local option. As soon as we began building operations, saloons grew up around us like mushrooms. We had to do something to protect our female help and prevent bad conditions generally, so we passed the eight-block rule, which makes it a "capital offense" for any employe to enter a saloon **at any time** (in business hours or out of them) within eight blocks of our plant.

Regarding the effect on real estate: I find there is a widespread objection to industrial establishments in residence districts, based on **actual experience** of **decreasing real estate values.** A neighborhood is said to be "killed" for residence purposes as soon as business enters it. This, I find, is not due to factory noises, traffic, smoke, smell, or other essential symptoms of industry; but to a certain amount of disorder and disturbance on the street after business hours in factory districts. Here is where the saloon is directly at fault.

By attracting the worker's attention before he goes home, the saloon gets a much larger share of his earnings than it possibly could under other conditions. Our plant has not injured real estate values in the least; neither have the adjacent plants of makers of baking powder, machinery, etc. Residences and flats of better class are being built around our forty acres in a solid wall. Several hundred of our own employes live within four blocks of the plant.

Viewed from the employers' standpoint, the saloon is an absolutely unmitigated nuisance. Assuming that one man has as much right to drink beer with his dinner as another has to drink coffee, the fact remains that no bar or saloon could make a profit on drinks so served. The real profit in the liquor business in this country comes from the **drinker,** and a drinker is not one who takes a glass of beer with a meal, but one who drinks generally without eating and always to excess.

The saloon can never prove to the employer of labor that it is anything but his enemy. Look at our list of male absentees on a Monday morning and you see the work of the saloon. Add to the money actually spent over the bar the amount lost through inability to work the following day, or the reduction in capacity in case of a piece worker, and you have in a nutshell the worker's curse and the employer's problem—both the product of the saloon.

All authorities agree that the American saloon is the nastiest public institution on earth. Foreigners who were harmless drinkers of beer in Germany or of light wines in France or Italy, come here and are promptly converted to viciousness by the **foodless** drinking and treating habits here prevailing.

If the "personal liberty" folks are sincere in their

ideas of saving to the foreigners their leisurely European glass, let them organize something different from the American saloon as a means of serving the drinks they call harmless.

Business and the saloon have come to a final parting of the ways. The doors of progress and promotion are closed to any man who finds his associates or recreation in the barroom.

Another corps in the flanking in this battle against intoxicants is the well disciplined, clear-eyed, aggressive column of the unenfranchised women who have got tired of merely weeping and only praying, either to man or to God. They have wearied of waiting or of waging a personal and unorganized guerrilla warfare against their great enemy; they are drilling their recruits; they are hitching their prayers to the gun carriages; they are moving the artillery of reason. Today they are voting by proxy; tomorrow they will be voting in their own God-given rights, assuming the full stature of living souls.

When this flanking army, directed by judgment, inspired by conscience and armed with the ballot, gets fairly into line, it is bound to win.

The Flanking Columns

There is another unexpected source of re-enforcement. The entrenched army is itself weakening. Colonels are deserting their colors and taking to the other side. The self-respecting elements in the saloon army, and there are such, are beginning to see a great light. Saloon-keepers themselves are beginning to be ashamed of their business. They are not willing that their wives should be permanently humiliated and their children publicly disgraced. This movement among saloon-keepers for law-abiding saloons I believe to be, in the main, sincere and of immense significance, but as American society is now constituted, with the growing intelligence and thrift of the American citizen, a "law-abiding saloon," wherein no rowdyism, intoxication or law-breaking is permitted, is a financial fallacy. It means inevitable bankruptcy to an overwhelming percentage of the present retail dealers in intoxicants throughout our land.

The result of a recent careful survey made under the direction of James K.

Shields, State Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of Illinois, disclosed the fact that there are 11,338 feet of saloon frontage in the Loop District of Chicago, a territory bounded on the north by the river, on the east by the lake, on the south by Harrison street, and on the west by the river. In other words, over two miles of saloons intrude upon the business centers of Chicago. From the same source we learn that on North Clark street, from the river to Lincoln Park, the street of retail business on the North Side, there are 77 saloons, of which 52 have wine rooms, 42 are connected with houses of ill fame, and nearly all of them have "family entrances" and pianos.

The workers of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, at my request, made a similar survey of the adjoining territory, bounded on the north by Thirty-fifth street, on the east by Ellis avenue, on the south by Thirty-ninth street, on the west by Grand Boulevard. They found there were 49 saloons, 14 of them corner saloons, nearly

all of them having "ladies' entrances," many of them having gambling places and bawdy houses in connection therewith. Here are 1,196 feet, nearly one-quarter of a mile, of saloons in a territory that contains but one schoolhouse and three churches. In the same territory there are but 19 groceries, 9 meat markets, 13 restaurants, 6 bakeries and 8 drug stores, making but 55 stands to cater to the necessities of life against 49 places of dissipation. The total frontage of these legitimate dispensaries of physical needs is about 1,405 feet, or only 209 feet in excess of the debauching frontage. Under any attempt to bring the trade of beer and whiskey down to the limits of legality, decency, and the boasted sanity of moderate drinkers, it is obvious that much of this "business" would go to the wall.

When the flanking armies were closing in on Bragg's forces and his lines broke on Missionary Ridge, General Thomas' hungry boys were surprised to find that no inconsiderable number of their sup-

posed enemies had thrown away their guns and were running, not away from, but toward the victorious column. They had had enough of rebellion. Their sober second thought had been at work and, anticipating their great General, the hero of Appomattox, they were brave enough to change their minds; to see the next right thing to do. Acknowledging his defeat, General Lee turned to lead the boys who had followed him to the death line, up the academic heights of life. Under his lead they were now ready to guard the honor of the flag which, under the same lead, they once riddled with bullets.

So will it be; so is it now, with the entrenched hosts of inebriety. Already the rank and file are beginning to suspect that the organized brewers and distillers of America are false champions of liberty. Their real inspiration, of which they themselves are only half conscious, is the hope of a golden harvest. Business men are in the liquor trade, as in other trades, for the money there is in it. Gold and not liberty,

greed and not patriotism, inspires them, and when they find their capital menaced and begin to realize that there is no profit in the business, the manufacturers, the brewers and distillers, the dealers, whether wholesale or retail, are going to throw away their guns and join the victorious army.

But let not the temperance phalanxes be lured with the hope that the war is over. The victory is not yet won, because the vision is not yet clear.

I was a part of Sherman's flanking army; I watched the stealthy, silent, midnight construction of the pontoon bridge; our battery was the first to venture upon the floating structure; we were at the farther end as soon as the last planks were laid, and our guns were among the first to be drawn, by human hands, up heights too steep and through thickets too dense for the horses to travel. I was in the desperate battle; I saw the battering of the column and the mangled lines, and heard

the midnight groans of the uncared for. I was part of the pursuing column. But two weeks after Braxton Bragg's headquarters had been captured we had to turn our horses out that they might perchance save their lives by browsing the naked trees in midwinter; and one morning as the sun arose upon hungry boys, the commanding officer said:

Boys, there is nothing for you to eat. As you went to bed last night supperless, you must start out this morning breakfastless. There are provisions at Bridgeport; thirty miles of mud between you and your dinner; get there any way you can, as you can. There will be roll call of those who survive the march after you have had something to eat at Bridgeport.

Thus will it be in this war for sobriety, this battle for soul-liberty, this triumph of judgment over appetite. O, there are many hardships, privations, dangers, mistakes, temporary defeats, local dismay and panics ahead of us!

But it is a glorious war. Science, religion, education and patriotism, the saints and the sages, our mothers, wives and sisters, are in the ranks with us.

The Flanking Columns

The reserve corps is moving up!

The flanking columns are swinging into line!

The bugle sounds the "Assembly!"

Friends of Purity, Sobriety, Liberty—Fall in!

Touch elbows! Right, dress! Forward, march!

Appendix

A Letter to the Saloon-Keepers of Chicago

Friends and Fellow Citizens:

Such we certainly are, or ought to be, for deep below our contentions our interests are one. We all want to conserve the home, honor our city and serve our country. We have a common interest in our wives and our children and a common desire to provide for them in honorable ways and to earn for ourselves an honest living.

Let me hasten to assure you that I am interested in an anti-saloon movement and not in an anti-saloon keepers' movement. As a friend, then, I beg you to consider with me the changing times, the trend of thought shaped by the growing science and enlarging experiences of our day. Things are not as they used to be. The conditions of the Old World, from which many of us came, cannot be reproduced here. The American saloon is not identical with the beer gardens and wine rooms of Europe and cannot be made so. Recent action taken by your own representatives in many cities shows that you recognize many things connected with your business tending toward the disagreeable, the illegal, the indecent and the immoral, and that you are trying to lift the business into respectability and law-abiding conditions. No one can know as well as yourselves that your customers often over drink and that you are compelled to witness boisterous

brawls and listen to coarse, profane, violent speech. You know that a great deal too much liquor is drunk by your own customers. You know how your business often comes in competition with that of the butcher, the grocer and the baker, whose business it is to supply the essential needs of the family. You know, better than anybody else, that much money passes over your counter which is needed by the families of your customers for shoes, bread, clothing and fuel. You must know also that the verdict of the medical profession in all lines is clearly in the direction of greater abstinence from malt and spirituous liquors; that the overwhelming testimony of physicians is that alcohol is a poison, that its presence in the body acts as such, and that, except under conditions which they alone are competent to determine, its presence in the body is a menace to health.

I further beg of you to note that the growth of the "Dry Territory" in all parts of our country is not the result of the efforts of fanatical agitators, of extreme moralists and narrow fanatics, but of the growing sense and prudence of business men, industrial corporations, railroad managements, etc., etc. It is the economic argument that prevails. Cities, large and small, are finding that business is not injured by the abolition of the saloon, but that the cost of the police courts, jails, and all departments that seek to enforce the law and protect property is greatly reduced. You know that already the liquor business is in a bad way, that it is harder and harder to make a saloon pay. Your representatives have often urged that under the existing conditions of city regulations and state law, the saloonkeeper finds it harder and harder to make a living, and it requires only cool, impartial business judgment on your part to see that these restrictions are to grow

more exacting and not less. Whatever may be the result of the vote at the next election, the educational campaign that leads up to it will make the lot of the saloon-keeper immensely harder; it will be more and more difficult for you to make it a business that will be pronounced legitimate by law and that will be considered respectable by right-minded people in all walks of life. A business from which your own sense of fitness as well as the city ordinance excludes respectable women and innocent children, your own included, a business so directly allied with the degradations of the brothel, with gambling and corruption, with grafters and politicians, is a business in which a self-respecting man who wants his wife and children to grow up without shame, cannot choose long to remain. With the temperance agitators trusting more and more to economical, scientific and social principles against you on the one hand, and the mighty combination of capital, the bloodless trusts represented by the brewer and distiller on the other, your lot is a hard one. Why not plan to get out of the business before it gets worse?

I do not forget that many of you believe that your business can be made honorable. We do not forget the innocent social elements that enter into the saloon. We know that these ought to be perpetuated in some better way. Your training and experiences qualify you to find a better way. Help us to experiment in this direction. One coffee and buttermilk saloon in Chicago would be a joke; ten such would probably soon die for want of support; but a hundred such would begin to make money, and a thousand such, conducted by expert saloon-keepers, with innocent accessories, without the dangerous tippling and treating habit, would surprise our civilization, solve many perplexing problems, bring light and joy into thousands of homes,

prosper business, and bring increasing self-respect to the thousand saloon-keepers engaged in this enterprise. Is it possible to preserve the good elements of the saloon after the treating habit that leads to drunkenness is abolished? We are up to this experiment. Will you help us?

In conclusion we ask you to remember that this is not a prohibition campaign, or even a total abstinence campaign. Those who still think that alcoholic drinks are necessary to their health or their pleasure might still seek them as they seek their milk, their cheese and their bread, in packages, not to be eaten and drunken on the premises. It is the retail places where liquor is sold by the drinks, and its use is stimulated by the vicious treating habit of the American saloon—places where drunkards congregate and where drunkards are made, places from which your wives and children are excluded—that are condemned by the American public, not alone by American fanatics. Liberty is not lawlessness, and the most rampant "personal liberty" man will admit that his liberty ends where the liberty of the other party begins. All government is a surrender of personal liberties for the sake of the larger liberties which come only in law-abiding and law-enforcing governments, made possible by order.

Will you think of these things calmly in the quiet hours of the night? Will you talk these matters over frankly with your wives and children and your self-respecting, self-controlling patrons? Is it not possible for us in some way to talk over these things without the bitterness and extravagance of public debate?

The American platform is unfortunately given to extravagant statements, oftentimes to bitter denunciation and unkind insinuations; doubtless there will be much sinning on both sides during the struggle yet

before us. Let us forget and forgive in this direction and try to remember that honest and earnest men on both sides are trying to spell out a difficult problem, to find the better way. Let us remember that

"New occasions teach new duties;
Time makes ancient good uncouth.
They must ever up and onward
Who would keep abreast of Truth."

Fraternally yours.

A Letter to the Workingmen of Chicago

Dear Fellow Workers:

For such we are. The vast majority of the citizens of this great city are, like yourselves, workingmen, born of working parents, reared to work for wages of one kind or another. Many of us, like yourselves, were born across the seas, were carried here by our parents, or came later through our own choice, that we might have a better chance to labor, expecting nothing better than an opportunity to earn our bread and a better chance to care for our loved ones and give to our wives and children more comforts and higher privileges. I wish, then, to protest earnestly against recent attempts in some quarters to force an ignominious class distinction upon us by trying to justify and defend the saloons on the score that they are the "workingmen's clubs," and the "poor people's social centers." Those of us who are wage earners know that this is a false insinuation, a vulgar attempt to cast a stigma upon our poverty and to differentiate the "workingman" from the superior and favored capitalist "employer" and leisure class, who seem to say, "We do not need the saloon," and, by implication, "We do not patronize it." You know well enough that it is not the day laborers, the craftsmen or members of the Labor Unions that keep alive the seven thousand and more saloons in Chicago alone. I believe that, in proportion

to the population represented by the "employer" and "employe" classes, a vastly larger proportion of the former class patronizes the saloon than of the latter; and we know that much of the present capitalist combine, representing the brewing and distilling industries, would go to the wall if they were dependent chiefly upon the patronage of the toiling classes. Most of the drunkenness, the dissipation, and the crime connected therewith comes from the leisure classes and not from the toiling classes. The laboring men know full well that the frequenter of the saloon holds his job by an uncertain tenure, and that the most effective temperance organizations are the Labor Unions, who guard their members as best they can from the debaucheries of the saloon and are using more and more effectively their instrumentalities to protect the wives and children of their members from the hardship and humiliations that belong to the family of him who makes the saloon his "club house." Laboring men also know that, next to the Labor Unions, the great industrial plants, the far-seeing and effective "captains of industry," and the great railroad corporations are the most effective temperance organizations in the country. In many of these best managed organizations of labor, to be found frequenting the saloons in any systematic and regular fashion is to find oneself automatically dropped out of the service.

I call upon you, workingmen, to resent this attempt at forcing an ignoble class distinction upon the wage-earning population of this country under the guise of Personal Liberty Plea. This insinuation is all the more galling and unjust because it has about it the air of patronage from the kid-gloved frequenters of the wealthy men's clubs, with their amply supplied sideboards and their cut glass decanters filled with the most fiery of liquors.

On The Firing Line

The contentions of the Labor Unions, more clearly, perhaps, than any other organization in the United States, set forth the limitations of personal liberty. They teach that the personal liberty of one man ends where the rights of another are encroached upon. All organizations imply the surrender of individual rights to public good. In proportion as governments are benign and democratic, they protect the weak from the strong, the virtuous from the vicious, the noble impulses of the community from the greed of the ignoble and selfish scheming of the few.

You know that the saloons, as now managed, are the workingman's worst enemy. Go find the workingman's children who are poorly shod, and the workingman's wife who is shabbily dressed, and the workingman's home that is poorly furnished with fuel and provisions, and you will know where to find the drinking man. Go find the workingman who is in debt, who is borrowing small sums of money and trying to save his financial face, and you will know who his largest creditor is.

We all know that there is great need of more social privileges for working people, more places for innocent amusement, more centers for social gatherings, where neighbors may meet neighbors and take their wives and children along. The saloon is the worst place to offer such privileges. It is not a place where you can take your wives and children; so unfitting is this that it is prevented by city ordinance, and you know that the hospitalities of these places, even to men, are conditioned upon the amount of money spent at the bar. The free lunches that tempt you are not given you in charity, but from shrewd speculation—the givers get their money back.

If the money spent by workingmen over the bars of

the saloons could be saved, and if the workingmen received just wages and their employers bore their rightful share of expenses in sustaining the city government and enforcing its ordinances concerning wholesome tenements, the social centers, the "poor men's clubs" that our wealthy men are so solicitous about would be realized. The issue now presented is not one of total abstinence or prohibition, though many of us believe that life is made sweeter, healthier and happier by total abstinence from all intoxicants, but the fight is against the saloon as a tippling place and a treating place, an unsocial place from which your wives and children are excluded and where the patrons are bound together by no common social tie of race, religious preference, conviction or social taste. A relish for whiskey is a poor platform on which neighbors can come together. The beer and wine places of the old world, where men, women and children of common taste, a common language and a common religion come together to enjoy music and conversation, to sing and dance together with the sanctions of their religion and in the presence of their teachers and their priests, find no analogy in the American saloon, where the jargon of many languages is heard at once and where the tramp, the hobo, the petty criminal, the grafter and the big political boss are at home and are oftentimes most welcomed because they are the best patrons of the man behind the bar. If when this saloon nuisance is abated there is no way possible by which a workingman can furnish himself with his beers and his liquors at his home, or use them in the same way that his rich employer does on his own table and for his own guests, it is quite legitimate that we should all try to make his "privilege" possible and legal to the poor man, or else impossible and illegal

to the rich man. However the liquor question is settled, it is not a class question, and the capitalist and leisure man who are now so solicitous about the rights of the workingman, may well be suspected of hypocrisy. While speaking one word for the poor "laborer," are they not speaking two for themselves?

If, as I fear is still the case with many lodges, your Lodge Rooms have vicious connections with saloons, it will be all the better chance for you to do missionary work, and this movement will hasten the day so desired by your leaders, when the old time back door connection between the Labor Unions and the saloons shall be no longer possible. Let us work together to get rid of the saloon; then we will work together to install something better that is so much needed, and for which we are so nearly ready. In getting into the dry territory, we are getting in line with advanced science, enlightening economics, progressive labor and intelligent and effective labor unions.

Very cordially yours,

A Letter to Women

Dear Friends:

The "Anti-Saloon Movement" may well be considered national; it is no longer in the experimental or sensational stage, nor is it longer to be confined to the rural districts and the smaller towns. It is fast extending its boundaries from the gulf to the lakes and from ocean to ocean. It has already taken possession of many prosperous cities and industrial centers and, if all the indications are not deceptive, the territory gained is to be held and steadily and surely enlarged.

Here, if anywhere, woman's interest enters into the civic life. Here, if nowhere else, woman may well grieve over the fact that she has no vote to cast in behalf of a tempted son, a fallen brother, a debauched husband, or, under the safest conditions, a menaced manhood all about her. Woman, in her universally acknowledged and often vaunted "rights" as a homemaker and a homekeeper, here finds herself denied the privilege of being heard and counted in the supreme test of the ballot box.

No one can more deeply regret this unjust denial of power than myself, but this withholding of the suffrage right on the part of the alleged "lords of creation" does not leave you powerless and consequently without grave responsibilities and high opportunities in this contention.

The "last ditch" in which the tippling habit has en-

trenched itself is that of the "social function." Wine and its more plebeian companion, beer, are supposed to be essential counters of good will, gracious attendants upon conviviality, a necessary decoration to a society event, and their absence is supposed to be a reflection upon the hospitality, or at least an accent of some kind of Puritanic unsociability. Hence it is that thousands of gentle ladies, representing the refinement of the community, are found toying with the wine glass in the presence of their hosts, or, on more Bohemian occasions, tinkling their beer mugs and joking about the same.

Well may such women pray with Robert Burns for the gift

"To see oursel's as ithers see us."

In the light of modern science as well as of social ethics, woman, trying to grace her table and her home with that which she discards in her own practice, is simply aping a bygone age; she is posing in the guise of the mediaeval "ladye" whose banquet logically ended in debauchery. No more essential to a respectable, intelligent, sensible, sober, modern dinner party is the mediaeval fool with cap and bells than are the decanter and the beer bottle.

Sisters, the day is at hand or soon will be when this condescension on the part of women to an outlived appetite and an obsolete or obsolescent practice will be considered, as it deserves to be, a vulgar flirtation with vice, a silly dallying with temptation, a laying of snares which may entangle the innocent feet of one's own boys and the boys of her neighbors—if not her own sons, husband and brothers, then somebody else's sons, husbands and brothers.

But this appeal to women should go much further than to the "favored" and the "safe." Only the unin-

formed women and the socially hardened can be oblivious to the awful burden which the drink habit foists upon their sisters. Go study the statistics of the workingwomen; follow your washerwoman, your dressmaker or your shop girl to her home; trace the sources of her poverty; analyze the meagerness of the cupboard, the raggedness of the wardrobe, and you will promptly come upon this as one of the fundamental sources of the woman and child problem in the industrial life of today. Not only are these working girls, widows and mothers driven to the loom, the stores and the wash tub by man's love of drink, but under the same fell inspiration men lie in wait for these victims and in ways known only to those inspired by the degradations of the cup, trap them to disgrace and death. There is an evil designated as the "social evil." Separate that from the "drink evil" and the "social evil," as now understood, as a municipal problem largely ceases to be. Human passions will remain to bless or to curse individuals, but lust as an asset in business, as a commercial commodity, an investment for capital, will pass away with the passing of drinking, because as a business it will not pay without the drinking accessories.

This is the age of woman's clubs. Woman is in the forefront of every agitation for the advancement of civilization. It is high time that women in their organized capacity, in their most successful and fashionable organizations, should recommit themselves to this cause, free themselves from the traditional trammels, take hold with twentieth century courage of this movement that seeks to eliminate from modern American life the nasty degrading places, so unfit for them and their children that they are excluded from them by city ordinance.

Sisters, you may not vote yet, but you can do im-

measurably more than has yet been done by women in the interest of children and the home, morality and the State, by taking the twentieth century stand against that which science, economics, and, at the present time, the municipal experience of a growing number of cities prove to be unnecessary to the joyous, progressive life of men and women, whether they be at their toil or at their amusements. It is as little necessary to promote play as it is to promote work. Alcohol is a poison; its place in the human economy must be determined by the men of science; it is a medicine and not a food, and if it is given only such functions as are decreed for it by the physicians the problem will be solved. The trade in it will cease to be profitable and no lady will care to drug her guests according to a physician's prescription.

It is unworthy the modern woman to parry with a smile an appeal to conscience or to dismiss with a joke a call of reason or a cry of the helpless. Sisters, take this question seriously; think it over in the privacy of your own chamber; lay it upon the altar of your conscience; consider it as in the presence of the ever-living God and the everlasting interests of His children.

Very fraternally yours.

A Letter to an Advocate of Beer as a Temperance Drink

Dear Friend:

Our conversation the other day provoked much thinking on my part and compelled me to go over again the whole situation with as much care as I am capable of, and I am moved to write you some of the results of this thinking.

First, let me assure you that your acts as well as your teaching prove that you are as sincere a friend of sobriety and as honest a foe as I am of the dissipation, vulgarity and low morality, personal and political, that gather around the typical American saloon. I believe that you desire to eliminate those obnoxious elements out of the community as sincerely as I do, and that you have no interest in common with the selfish commercial and speculative interests of the great capitalistic combines represented by the brewers and distillers of America.

I admit also, without argument, your contention that on account of the low percentage of alcohol contained a glass of beer is comparatively innocent when compared with a glass of whiskey; I accept also your statement, based on better information than I am possessed of, that fewer villainous compounds, substitutes and adulterations enter into the composition of the beer than into that of the whiskey that is passed over the average saloon bar. I am inclined to think that you are right also in the statement that the toxic effect of

beer is less than that of coffee, or perhaps tea, when drunk in the same quantities. I also agree with you perfectly that the social element represented by the saloon must be conserved, and that even with the seven thousand or more saloons in Chicago, for example, the social opportunities, the chances for neighbors to get together for innocent communion and amusement are deplorably inadequate.

Having made these concessions, the following facts remain and have important bearing upon the question at issue. It is true, is it not, that both beer and whiskey are seductive drinks on account of the alcohol they contain? Repeated experiments show that any non-alcoholic compound, on beer or other lines, is a business failure because people will not drink more than is needful of such compounds to satisfy the craving for food or nourishment; the profit always comes from the over-drinking. But is not the low percentage of alcohol in beer more than compensated by the larger quantities imbibed? My druggist estimates that two glasses of average saloon beer contain as much alcohol as one glass of whisky. I suppose that eight glasses of beer per day would be considered very moderate beer drinking, and I am told that twenty glasses represent the easy accomplishment of the habitual beer drinker, who still insists that he is strictly temperate and never intoxicated. Render this equivalent into whiskey and you have the minimum of four glasses of whiskey per day, which certainly exceeds the claim of the whiskey drinker who insists that he never takes too much, and a maximum of ten glasses of whiskey a day, which clearly puts a man into the class of over-drinkers. The extended girth and the blossoming nose, the familiar characteristics of the beer guzzler, testify to the fact that there is something about the beer mug that leads

to over-drinking. And as a matter of fact, if my druggist is correct, is not beer drinking always accompanied, not only with alcoholic temptations, but with actual tendencies to alcoholic excesses?

Your picture of the delightful domestic felicities of the German beer garden and the French and Italian wine cafes is certainly attractive, and I am not in a position to deny the accuracy of your endorsement. But are the sociological, to say nothing of the climatic conditions of the United States such as to make a reproduction of these European conditions possible? The homogeneous character of the population, the less strenuous life, the simpler and purer drinks, the absence of the get-rich-quick madness of the dealers and manufacturers of Europe, do not obtain in our American cities. The mixed population, the sharp distinctions between the rich and the poor in their bibulous habits, between employers and employes, and the damnable distinction of sex which excludes all self-respecting women from the companionship of all self-respecting men in their hours of recreation and social amenities, are factors in the American saloon not known in the European resorts which you admire.

From your own standpoint, when you have made a decent drinking place where only beer and light wines are indulged in, and those only in such quantities as wait on digestion and good companionship, a place where women and children are welcome and may go with impunity, have we not come to something very different from the great majority of the seven thousand saloons now infesting our city? And is there any hope of arriving at these social centers, recreation parks, etc., that you and I both work for, until we have broken the power of the god Mammon who has so enlisted the cooperation of King Gambrinus? In other words, such

a saloon as you want is possible only when such saloons as we have are abolished, root and branch.

Thus you see the process of reasoning by which I arrive at the conclusion that you, your misgivings notwithstanding, as well as I, belong to the anti-saloon league, and that we go but a little way in our practical effort at reform until we come together and stand shoulder to shoulder in the tasks of abating the saloon nuisance and eliminating the poisons out of our food and our drink, one of which poisons is alcohol, whose economy in the physical organism of man, if it has any, is medicinal, and the time and quantity of whose use are to be determined by the expert physician and not by the deceptive itch of the palate that is perverted by a dangerous habit. Cordially yours.

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